The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home

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O Happy Hills.

O happy hills of Nazareth
Which cradled his low birth
Whose coming, like the morning's breath,
Was day-dawn for the earth!

O happy fields of Galilee
Which his tired feet have trod,
Who taught us man's divinity
And the humanness of God!

O happy kingdom of our dream,
Which, through sweet love's increase,
Shall see the earth with plenty teem,
And warfare hushed to peace!

O happy vision of th' unseen,—
One house or here or there;
Rooms many; death the door between;
And all divinely fair! MINDT J. SAVAGE.

At Chrystemasse Tyde.

Two sorrie Thynges there be,—
Ay, three,—
A Neste from which the Fledglings have been taken,
A Lambe forsaken,
A Redde leaf from the Wilde Rose rudely shaken.

Of gladde Thynges there be more,—
Ay, four,—
A Larke above the olde Neste blythely singin
A Wilde Rose clinging
In safety to a Rock, a Shepherde bringing
A Lambe, found, in his armes, and Chrystemasse Bells a-ringing.

"All Saints."

A SERMON DELIVERED AT ROSSLYN HILL CHAPEL, HAMPSTEAD, ON NOV. 5TH, THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER ALL SAINTS' DAY.

"*As for the saints who are in the earth, they are the excellent in whom is all my delight.*"—Psalms xvi., 3.

Last Monday was All Saints' Day, and I want to speak this morning of our saints and of some of the qualities of saintliness.

The words of my text must impress us as being written from a rather unusual point of view. When we talk of the saints we usually think of the dead. We recall to mind and give God thanks for the great and good of former times; we recall our own friends and loved ones who are no longer with us on the earth.

The Psalmist on the other hand reminds us that the Saints are not all dead: he rejoices in the Saints "who are in the earth, the excellent in whom my soul delighteth."

Most assuredly we ought to remember the dead with reverent joy and gratitude.

Death is a great revealer. We learn to see men and women more tenderly, more truly, and more as they really are, when we think

of them with the insight of a sorrowing love. What is unimportant and superficial slips away, and the spirit of a man in its beauty and total influence and fullest meaning often becomes more manifest when he is removed from us. We may well thank God for the revelation of human goodness and nobility which come to us at times of sorrow and loss, and which help us to bear our grief and to find a new inspiration for our life, a deeper faith in humanity, in the memory of our dead.

But this does not excuse our frequent blindness to the existence of saints living on the earth to-day.

It is well "to build the sepulchres of the prophets and garnish the tombs of the righteous" if we do it with sincerity, but it is not well to forget the living saints about us now. God has not left himself without witnesses in any age. Depreciation of the present is never the highest honour to the dead.

"We are ever ready," says Ruskin, "to pour our flattery into the ears of death, and exalt with vain acclamation the names of those who neither demand our praise nor regard our gratitude. There is, I fear, so much malice in the hearts of most men that they are chiefly jealous of that praise which can give the greatest pleasure and are then most liberal of eulogiums when it can no longer be enjoyed."

That is certainly not a complete description of the causes of blindness, although envy and egotism may sometimes have more to do with it than we think. But it is far more often due to a certain dullness of familiarity, a want of insight, a self-absorption, a curious tendency to disbelieve in the divineness of the present time. That tendency in Theology takes the form of inability to recognise God's presence in the world to-day. Assuredly God has revealed Himself in the past, and in Jesus Christ we believe He has revealed Himself in a supremely deep and helpful way. But we are not doing honour to Jesus or living in His spirit, if we make light of God's presence and God's inspiration, and God's leading in our lives to-day. That tendency to praise the past at the expense of the present, to think little of what we have, and much of what we have lost leads to fretfulness and ingratitude. It is good to think very tenderly and gratefully of the days that are dead, of our childhood and our youth, to remember with deep thrills of love those who were with us then, who did so much for us, whose goodness and self-sacrifice we often accepted as a thing of course. We cannot thank God enough for the past and for those whom we have loved and lost awhile. We ought to be able to say with Wordsworth—

> "The thought of my past years doth
> breed in me
> Perpetual benediction."

But we are not most wisely and reverently grateful for the past when we ignore our present blessings. We do not honour dead saints by declining to admit that there are any living ones.

To say of any old man or woman in the words of the well-known Latin phrase, that he is merely "a praiser of past time," is to say that he is no longer fully alive. Even his praise of the past misses a certain quality of force and beauty and sympathy because it is given at the expense of the present. We live the past most truly when we live the present too. We praise the past with understanding when we have faith in the present as well. We have all known and reverenced old men and women who have fought a good fight and finished their course, and in this sense kept the faith. They have known much sorrow and disappointment, they have loved and suffered and lost many of the friends who meant most to them in life: their minds are full of sacred memories of the good, and wise, and great who have passed away. They remember wistfully the noble joys and gifts of youth and manhood; they recall the time when all the world seemed young and the kingdom of heaven very near at hand. But they have kept the faith. They still believe in God's immediate presence, believe in following after the ideal, they still reverence human nature, they still rejoice in life and feel the mystery and beauty of the world. Such men and women who do not speak as if all the saints were dead are often amongst the saints themselves, and are some of the great inspirers of the chief encouragements in life.

There ought to be a great joy for us in the thought of the strong Christ-like men and women, just, wise, and good, who are living in the world to-day, whom we can see, with whom we can speak, who standing above us on the heights call us upwards and point us to the goal which we and they are seeking.

Thank God for those who have passed away from us, for those with whom we can no longer speak, for those whom we cannot see. Thank God for all they have been and are to us, for the memories we shall cherish until we meet again, for all the depth of meaning, all this strength and love which have come into our lives through them. But, thank God, too, for the living, for angels in the body as well as out of the body, for all the sanctities of home, for all familiar friends, and for the saints on earth in whose lives we feel the spirit of Jesus Christ and the love of God.

I am led into this train of thought by the announcement of the resignation of Dr. Drummond, Principal of Manchester College, in speaking of whom all those who know him best would agree in using the word Christlike. He is laying down his high important post amongst us next Midsummer, but we may hope he will be still with us as teacher and friend on the earth for many years. I would ask in conclusion what we mean by Christ-likeness, what are the qualities which belong to saintliness.

One of the qualities on which Jesus continually insisted, and which we feel as a pervading presence in His life, was humility. We remember His words, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." "Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same shall be greatest in the kingdom of heaven." "He that is first shall be last, and the last shall be first." We remember on the evening before his death how he girded Himself and washed the Disciples' feet, and how He said, "If I have washed your feet, ye ought also to have washed one another's feet." It was not a humility which shrank from self-expression or from standing in the fore-front of danger at the call of God, but it was a humility which sought for no advantage, no high place for his own satisfaction, and which never thought itself too good or superior for any needful work. Self-repression, self-effacement, no claims for personal gain or personal pleasures, a quiet faithfulness in doing God's will, not shrinking from stern conflicts, not hiding in a corner when the call to stand for righteousness and assert the will of God has sounded, it is this we think of when we speak of Christlikeness.

Perhaps the word which describes best the Christ-like man is magnanimity, greatness of soul. It includes or presupposes humility, and love, and faithfulness. It denotes a man who is very sensitive, fully alive to all that happens, a man who desires comradeship, and kindliness, and love; not a man who escapes the pain of disappointment or unkindness through obtuseness and density. It denotes a man who through greatness of soul is able to ignore and rise above the slights and troubles and annoyances about him, a man who knows the meaning of "eternal life in the midst of time and under the eyes of God." A magnanimous man is one who is able to judge justly and kindly of people who do not like him or of people whom he does not like, one who is able to act towards them with a brotherly sympathy and kindness, in which there is no constraint. It is a man who feels the largeness of life and duty and the greatness of God: a man in whom there is nothing petty, or mean, or small-minded, a man for whom life does not consist in praise or gain, or even in the winning of affection, although the love in him desires, and rightly desires, a return. He is a man whose meat and drink it is to do the will of God. He knows the truth of those words of Dante, "Segui il tuo corso e lascia dir le genti," "Follow thy course and let the people talk." He can go on faithfully and quietly at his appointed task whatever people say, however thwarted or misunderstood, not because he is indifferent to human love and kindliness, but because God and duty mean so infinitely much to him, and because he knows the depth of meaning in the words of Christ, "And yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me."

We all know how often the little things of life tease and worry, and weaken us. How often we trouble ourselves about what people say, or are reported to have said, about the misunderstandings of our intentions, about the coldness which we fancy or can really see.

There is a good side to these troubles. They arise from sensitiveness, from a desire to be at one with others, to be friends with all the world. It is not good to be coldly indifferent and hard about the thoughts and feelings of our brethren. We are made for friendship and for a union in which we live together and love each other, and help each other on our way.

But in the heart of the magnanimous there is a spring of sweet and living water which is independent of circumstances. The Christ-like men, the men whom we must reverence alive or dead, are full of humility and gentleness, not seeking their own, not careful to remember wrongs against themselves; they are faithful doers of the word of God in times of sorrow or of joy, in times of hardness and in times of ease; they can do without love if need be, though deeply rejoicing in it if it comes. They are generous, self-forgetful, making no claims for power or praise, quick to see the good in others, quick to rejoice with those who do rejoice and weep with them that weep. They are magnanimous with the magnanimity of Christ. Great-souled in sorrow and pain, feeling the power of God's spirit, of the largeness and wonder of all things in life and death. They are great-souled in disappointment and failure, feeling how little personal troubles matter in comparison with the claims of duty and the power to do God's will. They are great-souled in their relations with others, free from all petty quarrels and personal complaints, ignoring injuries, feeling the underlying goodness of human nature, loving and helping others with the self-effacement of Christ. They are great-souled in work, seeking in all things God's kingdom and God's righteousness, and that His will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven.

To me it seems that the soul, in all its higher actions, in original thought, in the creations of genius, in the soarings of imagination, in its love of beauty and grandeur, in its aspirations after a pure and unknown joy, and especially in disinterestedness, in the spirit of self-sacrifice, and in enlightened devotion, has a character of infinity.—*C. G. Ames.*

Those who never Dine.

The Feast of the Nativity has before now been described by some saturnine soul as "a season of greed and dyspepsia, pecuniary and alimentary," and there is no denying that those ugly things do present themselves too prominently in England between December 24th and January 7th. The way in which people who always eat rather too much think it laudable, if not actually virtuous, to eat a great deal more at that epoch, is painful to contemplate from all points of view save those of the butcher, the grocer and—must we add?—the chemist also. The manner in which officials, at other times dignified and self-respecting, permit themselves at mid-winter to ask point-blank for a "Christmas-box," when they would scorn in June so much as to hint at their receptivity in the matter of those poor little coins, a shilling or a half-crown piece, this again is sad to observe, especially for those who are solicited unnumbered times for the "box" in question. Society becomes suddenly disrupted into two great parties—those who give dinners and Christmas-boxes, and those who eat the dinners and pocket the boxes. For the latter, the season is of course full of charms. For the former—unless a man allow himself to dissolve away into half-sovereigns and half-crowns—it has some few drawbacks.

But there are yet other classes, we fear, who somehow do not come quite within either of our categories. Nobody gives them any "tips," and they certainly are not in a position to offer tips to anybody. The people who eat too much every day of the year and twice too much at Christmas, see in those poor creatures their alimentary antipodes; for they eat too little all the year round, and go very near to starving, and make close acquaintance with disease, when the cold weather comes, and food grows dear and fuel scarce. It would assuredly be a great benefit to mankind if beef and mutton, bread and beer, had the same property that water possesses, and "always found their own level;" that is, that when an over-fed A, has received too high a wave of it, there were a natural law by which it quickly ran over into

the plate of hungry B. Failing this convenient principle for victuals, and yet looking—alas! very far off—to Tom Hood's millennium in

"The land of pure delight,
Where omelets grow on trees,
And little pigs come running out—
'Oh, eat me, if you please!'"

we are led to encourage those good persons who, by such lower and more labourious methods as Soup Kitchens, Invalids' Dinner Tables, and Children's Dinners, labour so kindly to remedy a little the existing inequality. Of course, we do not presume to

"Rob the 'rich' man of his beer,"

or his turtle and champagne. We would only humbly attempt to "level up," not to level down—to level principally so far as quantity is concerned. It is all very well to talk about "enough is as good as a feast." In one sense, enough is much better than a feast; but if the "enough" means just that which keeps life in the bodies of the sickening poor, then, we say it emphatically, that enough is not as good as a feast, nor anything like so good. A feast, that is, an "eating to the heart's content" of good plain food with wholesome drink, does man, woman and child, a world of benefit over and above the mere keeping up life and not perishing outright, which is all that is guaranteed to such by "enough." The "fillip to Nature," the stimulus to the whole system given by one hearty meal, is to be understood only by those who have watched its effects on the poor who have long wanted such comfort. Especially has it almost miraculous effects on children. Those miserable little pinched white cheeks, and dull eyes, and small blue hands, which have been getting more pinched, and white, and dull and blue, for a month of insufficient food and scanty clothing, will, by and by, after what their owners will designate as "Such jolly tuck!" emerge transformed into the proper image of childhood—and for days to come be the better for it. Of course it is very alarming what incredible quantities of comestibles those small mouths will consume, and with what fearful rapidity solid roast beef and mutton will be like other bubbles of this mortal state—

"A moment seen, then lost for ever."

Pyramids of potatoes, hillocks of bread, which decorated the table but an instant ago, where are they gone? Gurgling sounds from the depths of eargerly-clasped mugs, and then long expirations of breath, and lo! the mugs are empty! Then come more meat, and more potatoes and pudding, and more pudding—and yet more pudding—and then at last the end. Nature, even the nature of poor little two-legged starvelings, has its limits, and "draws a line somewhere"—though that line is an immense way further off from the beginning of dinner than the inexperienced philanthropist can possibly imagine.

In the great Hindoo epic of the Ramayuna, the description of the feast given by the Rajah, Rama's father, at the birth of the semi-divine hero, concludes as follows:

"Take! eat! was the universal cry,
And 'Oh, how full we are!' was the exclamation of all around."

A similarly simple expression of universal plentitude ought, we conceive, properly to follow all Children's Dinners for the poor. It is not that each child may be allowed to feel it has had as much as it likes. Ought it not rather to feel it has eaten as much as it can? Will some sour pedant tell us that this is "encouraging greediness?" We wish he would try what it is to go on short commons for a month, and then consider whether Nature's imperative demand to get once in a way her "little bill" fairly paid up, ought to be called by any such ugly name! Greediness, indeed! Rich people may be greedy, we freely grant; but as to poor little children, whose normal state is that of lost street dogs, being greedy, we utterly repudiate the term. Nay, we ask anybody to look in at any of those charitable meals and see if he can afterwards use any hard name to that wretched crippled boy, hopping to his food like a lame bird, or that careworn little damsel of eight, who is not half so busy about her own dinner as in making sure that the still lesser mite beside her gets his share and does not choke himself.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.
(By permission.)

Good-bye.

Good-night, and wings of angels
Beat round your little bed,
And all white hopes and holy
Be on your golden head!

You know not why I love you,
Your little lips that kiss;
But, if you should remember,
Remember me with this:

He said that the longest journey
Was all on the road to rest;
He said the children's wisdom
Was the wisest and the best.

He said there was joy and sorrow
Far more than the tears in mirth,
And he knew there was God in heaven
Because there was love on earth.

Rennell Rodd.

The Religion of a Citizen of the World.

The discovery to-day of a book like Ecclesiasticus, a Greek translation more than two thousand years old of a Hebrew original half a century earlier, would be noised all over the world. Yet such a discovery lies right at hand for those who care to unearth the book of the Wisdom of Jesus Sirach. It used to form part of the Bible. It may still be found among the Apocrypha (of which there is a revised translation). But it does not accord well with theological Protestantism, and is waiting for discovery by those who love the rare, quaint charm of an intensely human spirit.

At the end of the cramping period of sacerdotal supremacy, well called the leaden age of Jewish history, men like Jesus Sirach are beginning to reach out beyond the limited truth of the Church toward the wider world where the current of Hebrew thought is to mingle with the rich stream which had its source in Athens. He is no Churchman. His keen knowledge of the sober facts of life is full of the sense that there is another wisdom than that of the ecclesiastical dovecots. He belongs to the world of "those that love learning." His keynote is that of Aristotle, the "habit of choosing the relative mean as determined by reason."

Apart from the stormy politico-religious world about him, living in the "house of instruction" in Jerusalem, as his home was called, gathering round him a little group of followers to whom for the love of it he gave what he had learned, he brings us into the atmosphere of the thoughtful man, beginning, in spite of the church authority of his age to serve a nobler mistress and to seek to determine life's values with wisdom as his guide.

He is only rarely enthusiastic. A wise prudence is his standard. Shrewd common sense carries one further than piety. The facts of every-day experience, as a well-balanced man sees them, are his authority. His religion has the strength that wears; for its ideal is a quiet, reasoned, sane ordering of conduct. Dry, sarcastic, clear of vision, and sometimes cutting of comment, his book is treasure-trove for those who care for the cultured, mature society of one who has gathered and winnowed well the harvest of wide study of men, gaining by the way that rare charm of the serenity which is strength.

Devotion to the wise man's ideal, a hard-won sense of the inevitable sequence of facts, the fruit of keen observation and broad experience, are to him the wealth which is beyond price. Holding usually to a quieter tone, his thought kindles now and then to a pure glow, not unlike that born of Plato's vision of the eternal wisdom which voices itself in all the world.

The way to such vision and such wealth is grievous at first. Book learning, arduous though that be, is not enough. Travel, varied outlook, knowledge of men, are essential. Temptations to cheap success must be faced, leisure won, the heart trained to endurance; but in the end the glory of the self-contained life surely comes. The yoke is turned into gladness, and "her feters become to thee a covering of strength." Serenity, the glory of wisdom, the delight of winning that knowledge of one's self and men which is power,

outweigh at last all other gain. "My son," the old man says, "come unto wisdom with all thy soul, and at the last thou shalt find her rest."

Such is the quiet world to which Jesus Sirach invites us. Indulging in no illusions, building on no immortal future, but charming, witty, shrewd, seeing a long way into the life of the world, he is full of choice counsel for those who are shy of exaggerated religious talk and suspicious of the superlatives of emotional platitude.

W. H. PULSFORD.

The One Certainty about Christmas.

THERE are plenty of things concerning Christmas about which we are uncertain. There is, for example, only one chance out of three hundred and sixty-five that the child whose memory the world celebrates was born on Christmas Day. Neither does anyone know surely where He was born; most likely it was in Nazareth. The year of His birth is not yet certain. We have only the barest outlines of His life and teachings. What would the world give to possess a single authentic picture of Him? We all are obliged to call upon the aid of our imagination to construct our portrait of his personality and character. The ancient theory is that there was a life of absolute perfection in every detail. There is not a particle of evidence for such a theory. No one to-day would be in any respect better off if this theory could be demonstrated. The world would not be a day's march nearer its goal if all the uncertain things about Christmas were cleared up.

The great, wonderful certainty is that Christmas Day represents the entrance into this earth of the highest imaginable type of life. It is no matter at what date this type appeared or just what the process of its development was. It is no matter now whether one person or more than one person brought it. Here it is at last, and here it has doubtless come to stay. It is the type of a man who holds in himself everything necessary or beautiful which the universe possesses. He has in his body the very elements out of which worlds and suns are made. The same forces by which the stars move play through Him. His consciousness allies him with all living things. You can conceive nothing more admirable than his intelligence. There is no limit which his mind cannot overpass. He has justice, also, like a divine being; the commands of justice over him are infinite. And now, to crown all, to these other qualities and attributes, is added the power of a love which takes in all sentient beings, which obliterates all the lines of selfishness, and identifies the man's interests with social welfare everywhere, now and for ever. It is a love which is fearless of pain or death, and radient with an inexhaustible hope.

Wherever first this type or model of a man appeared on the earth, when indeed men came who were capable even of suggesting the ideal of this kind of person, the world beheld the revelation of God, clouded no longer, full-orbed henceforth. Christmas stands for the advent of the Sons of God on the earth, the men and women of peace and good will. Thank God, they are here; they are in every village. Browning's verses come true:—

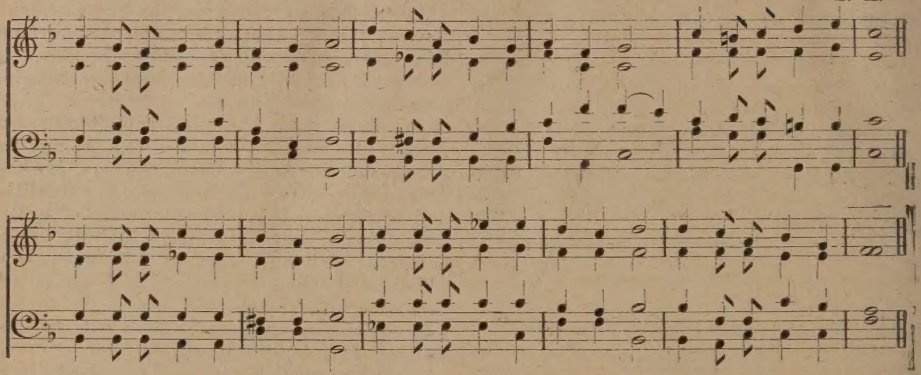
"From the first, Power was—I knew.
Life has made clear to me
That, strive but for closer view,
Love were as plain to see."

C. F. DOLE.

We must search out, set free, restore to honour the true life, assign things to their proper places, and remember that the centre of human progress is moral growth. What is a good lamp? It is not the most elaborate, the finest wrought, that of the most precious metal. A good lamp is a lamp that gives good light. And so also we are men and citizens, not by reason of the number of our goods and the pleasures we procure for ourselves, not through our intellectual and artistic culture, nor because of the honours and independence we enjoy, but by virtue of the strength of our moral fibre. And this is not a truth of to-day, but a truth of all times.—*Charles Wagner.*

Christmas Hymn.

S. K.



O glorious star of heavenly light
That cleft the darkness of the night
To bless the Christmas morn,
No sinful earth shall quench thy ray,
The omen of the perfect day,
For ages yet unborn.

O voice of the Eternal Might
That broke the silence of the night
To bring goodwill to men,
Through all the centuries' weary strife,
In glowing hope, in rising life,
We hear thee yet again.

O humble child, whose cradle lay
Beneath the star's prophetic ray,
We see and know thee still,
Not strangely clad in mystic lore,
But him who walked by Jordan's shore,
To do the Father's will.

O Spirit who in Jesus dwelt,
As reverent the sages knelt
To pour their incense sweet,
Abide in us; our hearts enthrall
Till Righteousness be all in all
And Love shall reign complete.

G. C. Cressy

What one Man can do

MR. KEY'S MISSION WORK IN NORTH CAROLINA.

More than fourteen thousand women scattered over the United States, are members of the National Alliance, an auxiliary to the American Unitarian Association, whose headquarters are at Beacon Street, Boston. In many ways this Alliance helps the parent Society, has its own missionary agents in various parts of the States. A very promising field has lately been opened by its means in the Eastern part of North Carolina.

This is now under the care of Rev. W. S. Key, who not long ago assisted Rev. Dr. Everett Hale in his varied humanitarian work in Boston, Massachussets. Mr. Key went to North Carolina merely to fill a vacancy, but he soon found how great was the need of the white planters and farmers for advice, sympathy, leadership, and help, if they were to be assisted toward a fuller measure of comfort and happiness, and make the most of the advantages of soil, climate, and freedom.

Mr. Key says that in the primary matter of a freer and more rational Christian faith, he soon discovered that these dwellers in the woods, plantations, and forests were eager to listen to the Gospel as preached by Unitarians.

This had been done there for several years by one or more ministers.

He also remarks that the people have many times told him that when they heard he was coming, they fancied a clergyman at church, wearing a long black coat and immaculate collar and necktie, &c., one who would preach on Sundays but not know them during the week, or only in a patronizing way. But when they found that the new preacher from Boston was a man like themselves, and as ready to sit down to a meal of "hog and hominy" three times a day and enjoy it, they quickly changed their opinion.

He turned out to be a "*hale*-fellow well met," a "home body," a friend, brother, guide, and teacher.

Thus from the first, Mr. Key won their hearts, their respect, and attachment, and has been able to achieve splendid results throughout his diocese, as he calls it, in which he labours for the social, moral, intellectual, and spiritual uplifting of the community. This region extends from Cape Fear river to the Neuse river, a tract about a hundred miles long by forty wide. This includes six or seven counties. Here he preaches to crowds of earnest people. Three churches are already built and in use, others for which funds have lately been raised, and plant prepared, will be built this autumn. He occupies log cabin district school houses in some places, preaches in the open air at several points, and in other localities has "brush shelters." These are primitive but most interesting meeting places, and consist of nothing more than a number of bare pine-poles driven into the ground, which support a roof of pine boughs. Mr. Key says "that the people are really interested in Unitarian teaching is evidenced by the fact that in their eagerness to attend these services they will sometimes drive from eighty to ninety miles to attend the services. They come over in ox carts, mule teams, and other vehicles, camping in the woods at night, while some with families which fill sometimes two or three teams, it is not unusual to drive from 15 to 20 miles.

They are very fond of music and singing.

Mr. Key has a good baritone voice and knows how to use it, accompanying his solos and leading the singing by means of a portable organ, which goes with him in all his forest wanderings.

The people here are also searchers after truth, for when our good brother is known to be passing through a district by train, planters and lumbermen await his coming in order to get Unitarian literature, and then he is invited to preach and sing in the homesteads and in the open. Then, too, he makes long journeys by mule cart, horse waggon, and boat. He also has at command a steam launch, a sailboat, and skiff for trips up the White Oak river, Bogus Sound, Queen's, Bear, and Topsail Creeks. Among many of these fishermen and lumbermen he is always welcomed. Moreover, he has many requests to preach in large towns, and even gets invitations from leading citizens in South Carolina, Alabama, Florida, and Texas.

Mr. Key is also deeply interested in education. During the past winter and spring he induced some communities to provide their children with better schooling than they have hitherto enjoyed. Recently he purchased a small estate consisting of house and barn, four acres of rich land, and a schoolhouse. These have been thoroughly equipped with requisites by a generous lady in the North. This season some competent teachers from the North will here be engaged in educating forty or more children, and Mr. Key, who is a good gardener, will teach the youths of the district how to grow such vegetables as are raised in the North and in England.

The house will be Mr. Key's headquarters, and it will be put to another good use as well, *i.e.*, to teach Northern and English methods of housekeeping.

Efforts are being made to get a similar estate near the Atlantic sea-board, and near the city of New Bern, where the needs of the community are equally urgent.

Our friend also helps in very practical ways. Having in early life been trained for a mechanical engineer, he is familiar with the use of tools.

Of these he had a complete kit. Hence on occasions he can repair harness, carts or shoeing a horse, welding a broken tyre, shrinking on a wheel, tapping and heeling boots and shoes, mending windows, &c. He is thus able to show those who desire to learn, and thus

the gospel of self-help is preached experimentally.

All liberal Christians who read the above will agree that Dr. Everett Hale has, with his usual penetration, certainly found the right Key to the position in North Carolina.

E. Rattenbury Hodges.

Prayers.

O thou most holy and ever-loving God, we thank Thee once more for the quiet rest of the night that has gone by; for the new promise that has come with this fresh morning, and for the hope of this day. While we have slept, the world in which we live has swept on in its awful space, great fires have burned under us, great waters have been all about us, and great storms above us; but thou hast held them back by Thy strong hand, and we have rested under the shadow of Thy love. The bird sat on the spray out in the darkness, the flower nestled in the grass, we lay down in our home, and all slept in the arms of God. The bird will trust thee this day to give its morsel of meat and the flower will trust thee for its fresh raiment. So may we trust Thee this day for all the needs of the body, the soul, and the spirit. Give us this day our daily bread. Amen.—*Robert Collyer.*

O Merciful God, be thou now unto me a strong tower of defence, I humbly entreat Thee. Give me grace to await Thy leisure, and patiently to bear what Thou doest unto me; nothing doubting or mistrusting Thy goodness towards me; for Thou knowest what is good for me better than I do. Therefore do with me in all things what Thou wilt; only arm me, I beseech Thee, with Thine armour, that I may stand fast; above all things, taking to me the shield of faith; praying always that I may refer myself wholly to Thy will, abiding Thy pleasure, and comforting myself in those troubles which it shall please Thee to send me, seeing such troubles are profitable for me; and I am assuredly persuaded that all Thou doest cannot but be well; and unto Thee be all honor and glory. Amen.—*Lady Jane Grey*, 1553.

A Psalm of Night.

By O. R. Washburn.

I lifted up my heart unto God in the watches of the night.

About me were the deep shadows, but above me were the everlasting stars.

The constellations were bright with Thy presence. The far-off worlds were like mist upon the mountains at the coming of the day.

And I beheld a star falling from heaven through a burning fire; yet it passed not from my dominion, nor beyond the strength of the hand of the Almighty.

And I saw that there was no change because of Thy wayward one. Of all Thy heavenly host, not one turned aside from the track appointed.

Even as I beheld, I remembered my wrath against mine enemy; and it passed from me as a little thing, and was no more.

Beside me were the shadows of great trees, but Thou wast there. At my feet was the black river, and the chill of fear was upon it; yet Thou wast there also. Afar I saw the night-lamp set in the shadow of Death; yet even there Thou wast present, and Thy hands held safe the gift of Immortal Life.

From the meadows I heard the soft rustle of the winds of the night, and in the east I beheld the promise of the coming of dawn.

The birds of the wood murmered peacefully to one another in the thickets, and the darkness became as a tent that covers the sleep of a friend.

I will say of Thy Presence, "It is my comforter," of Thy strength, "It is my protection and defence in many troubles." For the night and the shadows are Thine, and Thy great mercy has given to Thy children the soothing touch of darkness and the light of quiet stars.

Lo, who shall comprehend Thy glory or enter into the fulness of Thy grace! Open Thou our eyes, and grant to us to know and trust Thee, even amid the darkness of the watches of the night.

The Martineaus.

(An American Appreciation.)

The publication of the biography of James Martineau illustrates the possible power which a single family may have in the making of the world's character and in shaping evolution for whole centuries. In this country we can recall some half-dozen families that have stamped themselves with mighty energy on the national life and thought, such as the Beechers, beginning with Lyman Beecher, to whose influence is justly credited that tremendous wave of moral influence that in the twenties abolished every American sideboard and kindled a flame, both in this country and in Great Britain, that has told mightily for the permanent temperate character of the people. Who has forgotten Father Mathew and the Washingtonians? Quite as much could be said of the forcefulness of the Adams stock in civic affairs. The Martineaus are notable on both sides of the sex line. A just judgment will probably rank Harriet Martineau as the peer of, if not altogether, the ablest woman of the nineteenth century. Her essays, to be found in "Society in America," will compare well with those of Emerson. James Martineau, after almost a century of years, leaves us with a conviction that his saintly character and intellectual vigour are supplementary parts of an individuality that will go far to affect the religious sentiment and conviction of the twentieth century.

The name Martineau indicates French descent. The family was a cross of German Lutheranism with French Catholicism. The result led to a migration into England. This cross of the three ablest races in Europe brought together great force of self-assertion, with moral refinement and power of keen analysis. Perhaps something was due to the fact that the Martineaus, after their transference to England, were for several generations surgeons. This gave a scientific bias to their methods of thought. The father of James and Harriet is described as the most unselfish of men,—simple, upright, self-denying, but gifted with natural shrewdness which made up for a lack of complete education. The mother was a gifted woman intellectually, but even more gifted in moral resource and force of affection. Her quickness of sympathy is said to have spoken promptly in her temper, so as to have rendered her displeasure very emphatic, but her praise of well-doing generous and noble.

Harriet Martineau, after attaining considerable celebrity as a writer, came to America in 1835. We find her in Washington, holding a *salon* much like that of Madame de Staël in France. Her rooms were a resort for nearly every notable and statesman in America. She was a special favourite of Clay, who spent many an evening at her fireside. She describes him as "sitting upright on the sofa, with snuff-box in hand, discoursing on American affairs with soft and deliberate tone." Webster was there also, "leaning back at his ease, telling stories, cracking jokes, and shaking his sides with laughter," or "smoothly discoursing, to the perfect felicity of the logical part of one's constitution." Calhoun was a frequent visitor, "looking as if he were never born, and never could be extinguished." Judge Story was a peculiar favourite; and Miss Martineau tells how his thoughts would gush for hours, "but never too much of it," his face all the while, notwithstanding his gray hair, showing all the mobility and ingenuousness of a child. With Story often went Chief Justice Marshall, who talked of English politics as well as American, and who, "like all the Revolutionary group of statesmen, hated religious bigotry." Miss Martineau saw the effort to assassinate President Jackson, and that chief ruler tried to persuade her that the assassin was instigated by his political enemies. In the Senate she tells us that Mr. Calhoun's countenance first fixed attention,—"the splendid eye, the straight forehead surmounted by a load of stiff, upright dark hair, the stern brow, the inflexible mouth,—one of the most remarkable of heads. I know of no man who lives in such utter intellectual solitude. I never saw any one who so gave me the idea of being possessed." Of John Quincy Adams she said that he could do ninety-nine things nobly, but the hundredth in such bad taste as to spoil your ad-

miration for the rest. She made a complete tour of the South without being molested on account of her dislike for slavery, but in Boston she was mobbed. Her "Retrospect of Western Travel" gives us the finest photographs of the public men of that great era which are anywhere extant. Her relations with the literary coterie of Boston were equally remarkable. She became one of the most intimate friends of Channing. And on one occasion she listened to an address "by a Mr. R. Waldo Emerson," of whom she wrote home, "There is a remarkable man in the United States, without knowing whom it is not too much to say that the United States cannot be fully known." Admirers of Emerson should, if possible, read her book of essays, entitled, "Society in America," and judge if there was not a remarkable intellectual kinship between the two characters.

James Martineau has exercised a permeative influence, not unlike that of Channing. The world, in some way, has felt his influence without very largely having read his books. Ian Maclaren terms him the "Saint of Theism." He describes Martineau as having a certain aloofness, an intellectual and spiritual loneliness,—Something as one thinks of Jesus Himself. He was cordial, and he was in no way separated from human sympathies; but he was so absorbed in the pursuit of truth that he could not enact the part of a comrade. "No one," says Maclaren, "would have felt it becoming to intrude on Martineau's high thoughts with even the best of stories. No one would have dropped in on Martineau simply for half an hour's human gossip. It would have been irreverent, as if one had talked about the weather with a Hebrew prophet or passed a pleasant jest with Marcus Aurelius." And yet the writer has seen letters from Martineau written to those he had never seen, and full of gentle sympathy. The peculiarity of Martineau, after all, was that of supreme independence. You may call him a Unitarian, if you please; but you are conscious that at any point he will follow rigidly the lines of sincere and personal investigation. No sect can hold him. The estrangement between him and his sister Harriet has not a shade of personality in it. The London *Academy* says of him: "He was not tied to one place or to one sphere of activity; but in Manchester, in London, in Berlin, he was the same man, engaged with the same serious thoughts, delivering his soul generously of the best that it conceived. His outlook was, if one may so say, inward; and, when he had once shaken off the necessitarianism that trammelled his earliest years, he rested to the end, confident and courageous, in the sense of freedom to will the will of God." Martineau seems to have been entirely devoid of fear of criticism, and this was due to his unwavering faith. His trust lay infinitely deeper than books or men. He says himself: "No doubt it is a tender reverence which clings to each long-consecrated Scripture; but the piety which dominates evidence and must have it so is less noble than the piety which submits to it, and lives with it as it is." In other words, he was determined to take the Bible for exactly what is was worth. He objected always to which he called "idol worship and pride of intellect." "Yet," he adds, "we have still to learn our first lesson in the religion of thought, till we feel that it is not ours to choose where the light shall fall, or how much of it there shall be, still less to play tricks with it and fling its images hither and thither with the mirrors of our own desires." On the whole, the term "saint" does not seem to be quite satisfactory as applied to Martineau. Classing him with Channing, we have the more powerful and analytical intellect, and comparing him with Parker, we have less of pugnacity; yet we have this feeling, as we lay down this great biography, that a great fighter, a great warrior, has left us,—a man who dealt with all the great questions that underlie human life. He was not ascetic in any sense of the word, nor a recluse; not did he busy himself with the past. He lived in the present day as keenly as any of his contemporaries, and he has left us a magnificent contribution to living theology. Is he a type that can be repeated?

One thing is certain,—that the Martineau intellect has touched our religious and ethical method of feeling in a way not easy to be

lost. It is not an evanescent influence, but penetrating and inspiritive. It touches at the top where Priestley was felt, and Emerson; and Jefferson, in civic affairs. Few will read their words. Thousands and tens of thousands will reap in the Martineau harvest fields.

Christmas Forgiveness.

It seems a very little thought and a very commonplace one; but somehow, as we think it over, like the Christ-child on the shoulders of Saint Christopher, it grows larger and larger, until we discover that it is the very soul of Christmas. It is the magnanimity which reaches out and sweeps away the prejudices and petty misunderstandings that so often divide path from path and life from life. We shall respond this year as usual to the Christmas sentiment. We shall hear the bells ringing gladness from their brazen throats, and the joy bells in our own hearts will answer back. We shall listen to the laughter of children, and the memory of our own childhood will touch our spirits with a tender grace. We shall bestow gifts, join in the merry feast, and remember the poor in their distress. We shall be generous and charitable and unselfish; but shall we be generous and charitable and unselfish enough to waive the claims of foolish pride, forgive the personal offence, correct the misunderstanding lying between us and another soul?

If we open the door of yesterday's experience or last year's we shall find a great many things we should rather think of on any other day than Christmas Day. Here a prejudice grown out of envy or fancied injury or petty spite; and, because of that prejudice, we have wronged some one, belittled his work, misjudged his life. Or there some personal difference with our neighbour. It is not a serious difference, but just serious enough to unclasp our hands and set us on opposite sides of a social crevice that grows wider and deeper as we move down toward the grave. If we are candid and honest with ourselves, we shall see behind us in the pathway these little fires of bitterness and unbrotherly feeling still smouldering, and which some of us in our meaner moments go back to and revive with our own breath.

Now comes Christmas, and asks us to return and extinguish these fires. It asks us to be generous and magnanimous enough to put ourselves right with our fellow-men. Jesus told His disciples that, unless their righteousness exceeded the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, they could not enter into the kingdom of heaven. We may sing carols and give gifts and distribute to the destitute; but, unless our charity exceeds these formalities and goes out to adjust our differences with our fellows, goes out in the spirit of generous fairness and forgiveness, we cannot enter into the inner circle of the Christmas sentiment. It may seem to some an undignified business for a strong man or a proud woman to be concerned about the healing of these little wounds of the social relation; but in the whole round of manly or womanly graces there is none finer than the straighforward, large hearted temper of forgiveness, unless it be the frank avowal of one's own offence and the earnest effort to repair the wrong done thereby. Embraced within the spirit of forgiveness lie the spirit of justice and the spirit of love, and these make it the final and the surest test of the Christmas spirit. We shall never hear all the Christmas chimes, or feel all the Christmas sentiment, or comprehend the deeper meanings of the Christmas season, until we have buried our spite and anger and ill-will, and stand among our fellow-men "with malice toward none, and with charity toward all."

Sacrifice brings its reward by converting simple duty into positive happiness. We have attained our end in the liberty to work freely with God.—*John James Tayler.*

Human help in our need, human forgiveness of our wrong-doing, human love in our loneliness,—these are the sacraments through which, at their sweetest and purest, we feel a divine help and forgiveness and love flowing into our souls.—*G. S. Merriam.*

An evil Spirit from the Lord.

And if from Thee, O Lord, then all is well,
Though evil truly is this death-cold sprite
That grips the heart and quenches day's dear light
In darkness deeper than e'er tongue can tell.
The lowest circle of the ninefold Hell
Is not more drowned in soul-dismaying night [sight,
Than Thy poor servant's soul in Thy just
Till some blest David shall the demon quell.

Ah! sweeter, stronger strains than slew the last, [strong
Each fresh assault demands, because all
And sweet heart's comfort seems o'ertopped by woe
Until this tyranny be overpast.
O, when the last, worst fight falls, may Dawn's song [foe!
Of Peace through David's Son cast out the

Dorothea Hollins.

Notes and Jottings.

It is refreshing in these days to find that there are other virtues besides the power to make money, which win public recognition. The surest way to a peerage is to heap up a colossal fortune, but the man who was buried in St. Paul's on the 14th of last month was something more than a prosperous merchant. He was a servant of the public. Sir George Williams was a man of one institution. He founded the Y.M.C.A. At the time of his death he was still its President. That, so far as the world is concerned, is his whole history. It is the reason why he was buried in St. Paul's.

It is a tribute to the power of the undistinguished crowd, and to the value of work done, without sensationalism, and possibly without distinguished gifts, for very ordinary people. The saint always makes his appeal. The sinner in rags and squalor is secure in the certainty that he will not be forgotten. But the young man in a black coat and a bowler hat who stands behind a counter, or sits on a stool and does accounts, even when he is raised to the ninth degree and becomes a black-coated and bowler-hatted employer does not prick the imagination. Perhaps we are all secretly a little bound by our own and other people's respectability, or we are too dull to be moved by the simple thought of a human life and an immortal soul without the piquant sense of acute misery or crime. It is to the credit of Sir George Williams that he found his neighbour in the shop-assistant, and the small clerk. He saw the young man's need of friendship, and religious influence, and wholesome surroundings in his spare hours, and he set himself to supply it. Such was the homely origin of the Y.M.C.A.

It is easy to heap criticisms upon it. It may be quite true that it has encouraged some of the lease attractive features of English evangelical religion, its narrowness, and its smugness. It may be true also that it has worked on very conventional lines, and has shown little courage in attacking new problems. Perhaps the atmosphere of the prayer meeting has been a little too prevalent. But after all it has had the supreme merit of success. A movement which has become almost world-wide in its operations is not to be dismissed by this superior person with a shrug of the shoulders. It has strength and personal force in it, and it meets the needs, not of all city clerks, but of a great many of them. Until the critics do something better, they would be wise perhaps to keep silence.

But we are reminded of the number, be it large or small, which the Y.M.C.A. does not reach. We believe the number is increasing, but that is a matter which we need not discuss at present. In any case it is beyond doubt that many young men are repelled rather than attracted by the Y.M.C.A. The type of religion does not suit them, or the atmosphere of restriction galls them, or they are frankly sceptical, or perhaps it is simply that they do not see why club-life should be associated with theology and prayer-meetings. There is room in all our large towns for social clubs for young men, conducted upon broad lines, in which no special form of religious

belief would be obtruded, and all the healthy interests of human life would find an ungrudging welcome. The need is not of critics of the Y.M.C.A.—let it flourish and do good in its own way,—but of men who will face the same problem in a different fashion, for that portion of the black-coated and bowler-hatted crowd, which the Y.M.C.A. has failed to touch.

The life of William Rathbone, written recently by his daughter, is a stimulating book, especially for ordinary people. As a man he had few claims to intellectual distinction, and the position which he made for himself in his own city and in Parliament was due chiefly to his unflagging industry and a noble devotion of himself and his means to doing good. His name will go down to posterity in connection with the revolution which he accomplished in the nursing arrangements in workhouse hospitals, and among the sick poor in their own homes. No doubt he had ample means, and large opportunities of usefulness which do not come to all men; but the lesson of his life is that it is not lack of means but lack of will which holds us back from exhilarating experiments and the healthy excitement of doing good.

His own words upon the responsibilities of wealth, spoken when he received the freedom of Liverpool in 1891, are the expression of his deepest convictions. It would not be easy to find a better statement of the truth that all wealth is common wealth, and brings to its possessor the duty of discharging a social debt. "Allusion has been made," he said, "to my having devoted some part of the wealth gained in Liverpool to the benefit of the town. Here, again, it is I who am the debtor; it is I, and not my fellow-citizens, from whom gratitude is due. As we all admit, whatever we may possess of wealth, talents, station, and opportunity, are not freeholds to be selfishly enjoyed by a man and his family and friends, but sacred trusts to be employed for the welfare of the community. And of all beyond what is necessary for maintenance, education, and moderate provision for his family, an increasing proportion is due as wealth and power increase to the public service, not from generosity, but is the honest payment of debt. Life and experience only bring this more home to me. Which of the sacrifices which a prosperous man makes can be considered generous when looked at with those which thousands of our men and women make daily and unhesitatingly, in times of distress, illness, or death, when they share with their neighbours the means only too inadequate for the supply of the wants of themselves and their families. It is easy for the prosperous to be deemed generous, difficult for them to deserve to be so called."

Astronomical Notes for Dec.

MARS, who has been hurrying after his grandfather, Saturn, for many months, overtakes him in December, and on the 26th, the two planets are in conjunction. Mars passes below Saturn, the distance between the two planets being about three-quarters of a degree, or one and a half times the diameter of the full moon. They both set a little before nine o'clock. Jupiter is now visible during the whole night, passing the south soon after eleven at the beginning, and soon after nine at the end of the month.

News from the Field.

THE air is full of welcomes and farewells. The old-time fixity of Ministers is passing away, and though we have not adopted the Methodist system of brief pastorates, we seem to be gradually drifting towards some such plan.

We learn that *Rev. C. D. Badland.* is not only resigning his ministry at *Whitchurch*, but is practically retiring from the active ministry. He will, however, be ready to render services to his brother ministers from time to time, and to give what aid he can to our congregations.

Mr. Haycock is laying down his work at *Chester*, and *Mr. J. B. Higham* is retiring from *Wolverhampton*, but these resignations only mean as we shall see fresh work elsewhere.

Welcomes have been extended to *Rev. H. Rawlings* at *Hackney*, to *Rev. A. Hurn* at *Acton*, to *Rev. A. F. G. Fletcher* at *Peckham*, and to *Rev. C. M. Wright* as assistant to *Mr. Wood* at *Birmingham*.

We understand that *Mr. Delta Evans* goes as a lay worker to *Southend-on-Sea*, that *Rev. R.*

H. Maister has been inducted at *Stockton*, that *Rev. H. E. Haycock* takes up missionary work at *Halliwell Road, Bolton*, that the *Rev. A. Amey* goes to *Pudsey*, and that the *Rev. J. B. Higham* is to serve our people at *Park Lane*, near *Wigan*.

These are but a sample of the changes going on among us. Others are impending, and will soon be announced. But on the whole they must be looked on as signs of life. Men and congregations are finding their fittingness, and so will accomplish better things.

Of the changes impending none is more significant or important than the early retirement of *Dr. Drummond* from the Principalship of Manchester College, *Oxford*. In this position he has laboured long, and with complete consecration and fidelity, and his name will ever be held in honour by all who know and love the College. His retirement will involve other and important changes, but no doubt the Trustees will take care that the best interests of the College shall be maintained.

An interesting event has taken place in *Manchester*. The Lower Moseley Street Schools have developed into a congregation, and the *Rev. Cobden Smith*, who has been a worker there for some years past, has become definitely the minister of the new congregation. The progress of this new movement will be watched with great sympathy and good-will.

The *London District Unitarian Association* has had a most useful Anniversary, and is facing its growing work in an earnest and devoted spirit.

Nottingham has celebrated with great spirit the centenary of the High Pavement Schools. Old scholars and teachers from the ends of the kingdom gathered together, and the proceedings were marked with great enthusiasm. Out from its womb not a few of our ministers have come, among them are *Rev. J. C. Street*, *Rev. F. W. Stanley*, the (late) *Rev. C. Perry*, the *Rev. C. J. Street*, the *Rev. Lawrence Scott*, and others. The influence of this School has been deep and widespread.

The *London Provincial Assembly* has met and deliberated, and now gone back to its detailed work with vigour and earnestness.

The two great institutions for help to our ministers, the *Benevolent Society* and the *Pension Fund*, keep on in their useful way, and are proving themselves of substantial service. The latter body has received a fine gift of £2,000 from P. H. Holt, Esq., which it is sure to apply to useful purposes. We ought to augment both these funds, and so solve some of our pressing problems. Happily, both funds are healthy and growing.

It is pleasing to see that the special services at *Cambridge* are going on again, and that an effort, a renewed one, is being made to have services at *Blackburn*. This effort should be a vigorous and determined one, and a satisfactory result could be assured, only it must be well started, healthily financed, and a man of light and leading put at the head of it.

The two Colleges, *Oxford* and *Manchester*, have begun their work again. The addresses of *Mr. Carpenter* and *Mr. Manning* were both notable and valuable. The one is fully reported in the *Inquirer*, and the other in the *Christian Life*.

The *British and Foreign Unitarian Association*, at its council meeting, revealed a healthy state of things, and gave assurance of more than usual vitality.

Mr. Napier, of *Clough*, must have been greatly cheered at the celebration of the jubilee of his ministry by the many tokens and proofs of appreciation by his congregation, and a large circle beyond the bound of his own people, as well as the evident esteem in which he is held by his brother ministers., and a gift of £786 was a solid proof of the good-will of those among whom he had lived and worked. We hope that there are yet years of useful work for him to do.

Mr. Wood also must have felt his hands upheld and his heart cheered by the showers of blessings that fell upon him when he celebrated the close of twenty-one years of serivce in his living congregation.

The Progressive Protestant Religious Thinkers have been holding their Protestantenbond in *Holland*. They seem to be alert, and catholic-minded, and they are evidently even now evincing a profound influence in the country; but even more prosperous and victorious days are before them. We are glad that *Rev. V. Davis* was among them as the representative of English Unitarians.

The roll of our departed ones this month is not *large*, but it is deeply significant. An old hero among us, H. J. Morton, Esq., of Scarborough—*semper fidelis*—at the age of 80, has passed out of our ranks to join the shining ones; Miss Alice Taylor, a brave teacher for upwards of 55 years, has gone forward into God's upper School; and the *Rev. R. Lyttle*, in the plentitude of his powers, has ceased from his labours. A man of sterling worth, of broad sympathies, and inspiring personality, he will be missed, not only among our people, but in thousands of Irish homes and hearts, where he had won a place almost unique in Irish history. *Par vobiscum.*

SCRUTATOR.

Nov. 14th, 1905.

In vain does our own foresight strive. Danger comes from below, but deliverance only from on high. Temptations are without and within us. We should be lost, O Lord, without thee. To thee I raise my eyes, upon thee I rest my heart.—*Fénelon.*

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